### POETIC CHIPS.

The melancholy days have come, The saddest in the year; Like frosts before the morning sun, The woodpiles disappear.

The horse bit his master. How came it to pase? He heard the good pasto: Say "All flesh is grass." And the night shall be filled with burgiars. And thieves that infest the day Shall pack up their traps like peddlers, And carry the spoons away.

The brown thrush sways in the bushes, The brown leaves dance in the breeze, The brown rogue Autumn is here, with his brushes.

Painting brown all this brown that one sees The epizootic days have come, The sickest of the year. The time for idle jacks and veterinary quacks,

And mashes, balls and fleams, and horses 'Tis said the world grows wiser cay by day-That mind is climbing to perfection's peak: Yet, after all, 'tis but a childish play-

Man's chief dependence seems to be his "cheek On the walk a hat did lie, And a gallus chap sailed by, And he cut a lively swell-He was a clerk to a hotel; And he gave that hat a kick, And he came across a brick-Now upon a crutch he goes, Minus half a pound of toes.

There is a young woman of Lynn Grown up so exceedingly thin, When she wears her pull back She seems flesh to lack. And her bonnet seems stuck on a pin

But a fat little girl up in Groton Says: "This is a fashion I vote on; If I do in this rig As balloons look as big,

It is something to make people dote on."

### THE LITLE BLACK FIDDLE,

It hung in the garret, on one of the big nails there, all around it the lumber of an old house-trunks, broken chairs, a superannuated chest of drawers, a spinning-wheel, cobwebs.

Years and years ago a tramp had been taken in at the door in a fainting condisettee where they had placed him; and, moved with pity, and in some slight consternation as to what was to become of him, and of themselves, too, if this state continued, the household did what they could do for him. Just before dark he began to murmer a broken jargon of English and foreign tongues, and took his little black fiddle from his side, and gave it to Mr. Brooks with as impressive an air as if he bestowed a kingdom; the children looked on, wide-eyed and openmouthed. Then he died, and was buried, and nobody ever knew anything further about him; and the children twanged the fiddle a while, and at last it was hung up in the garret, and there had been the end of it.

The little fiddle hung forgotten on its nail; but the children grew in strength and beauty every day, and made the house nearly as lively as the ark must have been in all the torty days before it rested on Ararat. Sometimes the little fiddle vibrated to their laughter, and eave it a taint echo from its hollow breast, but that was all the share it had

What a cheerful group they were, Belle and Jessie and Fred and Frank, and the twins rolling over each other, her music while he crumbled his bread. and chuckling as if that were the freshest joke in the world. They were just as cheerful when a dezen years had passed, and the children were becoming men and women, childish boisterousness was becoming high bred gayety and the special talent was developing that which belonged to each of them.

But the general talent of that family was for charity. They had a genius for i'- a genius, as Mr. Brooks' Leighbors used to say, for turning themselves out of doors in order to let somebody in; a little house, but the largest you ever knew, for it held the most-hospitable to the rich and poor, but the wayfarer never leaving it unrefreshed, the sufferer uncomforted.

Yet the means to do so much were but limited. Mr. Brooks had but a small income; Mr. Brooks found it necessary to count every penny twice over, to turn and piece and remake, and never waste a crumb. But when that was all done, there was always something left for the widow and the fatherless; and the mo ment there was anything to do, either Italy!" for North street, or Five Points, or Borrioboola, Mrs. Brooks' door was the one first rapped at. And what a vivid interrand! You could never see a prettier had never intimated that she thought about them. And, by-and-by, when kind words," Belle was eighteen, and Jessie was just | And then the Signor gazed hard at the turning sixteen, and the rest coming on lovely face with its med this same sympathy with all suffering was as active as of old, and Jessie's lovely face seemed every day, to grow lovelier with the melting tenderness she felt to every one that needed gentle word or deed, and when she sang her song in the evening the trait seemed somehow to have strained itself through the rich, sweet tones of her voice, and to make the hearer's heart respond to its touch and always fill his eyes with tears.

"Our Jessie," the father used to say, "eught to have different instruction with that voice. If you hadn't been such a Sandemanian, wife, all your life, we should have laid by enough to send her to Italy and have her voice cultivated as it should be."

should like to have Jessie's voice at. bewailed himself.

tended to; but, bless you, it might do her more harm than good."

talked it over.

"Yes, dear; we all have our vanities,

and to nurse one's pride- " a thousand people on your voice as if it were wings for them! Think of that! Of the delight she should give so many, and then of the fortune she should make have that children's hospital, and-"

"Very true," sighed Mrs. Brooks. much money together." And just there came in the minister's wife to see about the concert she was getting up for the benefit of the poor De Maurice children, whose parents-lately organist and the signor, whose mood of frenzy had soprano in the little church-were lost in the Destroyer on their way to Europe for some purpose, at which concert Jessie was to sing a song, if she could find the courage.

the good minister's wife: "there's nobody in the audience that knows a note more music than you do."

"Oh, but he will-the violinist, vou know; and Madame Reuter, if she comes---"

"She's coming. We're to pay expenses. And she represented the case to Signor Pazzani, and told him they were the children of musicians, and he volunare to stay with me."

"Oh, not both of them, Mrs. King; one enough, with all your care. Send one's here," said Mrs. Brooks.

send you the signor. Now Jessie, sing tion. He lay all day in a stupor on the form, and we were all down on the seats once he cried out: before vou."

with the words,

"Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes -; The only throb she gives Is when some heart indignant breaks,

To show that still she lives."

One afternoon next week Madame Reuter came down, and Mrs. King Brookses' parlor and left him.

It was not much preparation the Brookses had been able to make for their distinguished guest; they could yet." only fill his room full to overflowing with Belle's flowers, that grew and blossomed in every window the winter long. As for their table, it was always dishes, and it was impossible for them to make much difference. They found, though, that it was of no consequence, for the signor was indifferent to everything but bread and fruit and salad, and presently looked about him for the

young lady who was to sing. "You are she," he said, presently, to Jessie, and began talking with her about But it was not until some hours after they left the table that he came down from his room and demanded to hear what she could do.

Poor Jessie had no more idea of hesitating or refusing than if an angel of annunciation had appeared and bidden her. She went instantly to the piano. though Belle ran before her to play the accompaniment. Belle had to play the prelude twice over, though, before Jessie could command her voice; and in the first measure it trembled so that she was afraid she would have to stop, and she was pale as death. "Courage, courage, my child," cried the signor, and she took a little and went on; and soon she forgot the signor and her fright, and was singing as freely as a bird in the wild wood. "It is grand! It is delicious!" cried the signor in his own tongue, which Jessie and Belle understood tolerably. "It is a voice in a thousand. In a thousand! A voice in millions! It is the nightingale's! and

it must have care, study, training-Jessie shook her head and felt very much like crying. She knew if she ever showed the least desire for Italy, est it was that was taken throughout her father would cramp himself, her that house in every case that came up, mother forego her comforts, the children from the time the little bright heads deny themselves everything; they would could cluster together, the little fingers sell the piano, move into a meaner house. hold a needle, the little legs run an ersight than those bright heads, those the thing worth while. Now she shook glowing faces, those pitying eyes. "My her head and ventured to say in such bunch of blossoms," Mr. Brooks used Italian as she had, "It is impossible. to call them, and say they gave their Please don't speak of it; it would only honey to every bee that vagabondized make grief here. But thank you for the

and its great, soft dark eyes, and said: "Nothing is impossible. Now I must seek my violin. It was to come by express, but has not, the good house mother says."

No; it had not come, and what was more, it never would come in its old shape. The express had net with an accident, and all its contents had been shattered. The violin that the Queen of Holland had given Signor Pazzani, that Jaques Stainer had made himself in the Tyrol two hundred years ago and more, was nothing but a handful of chips.

It would have been ludicrous, if it had not been in reality harrowing, to see the signor's grief and rage when he heard of the destruction of his darling, and "Well, dear, would you throw away had the broken bits put into his hand all your pleasant memories of pain re- He remembered nothing more about lieved, and all the benefits it has wrought Jessie's voice, about the evening concert; in the children's characters, and take it he sat down among the fragments, like while taking people across the Missisout in music?" his wife would ask. "I Marius in the ruins of Carthage, and sippi at St. Louis, and six persons were

winter's day; there was not a sound to "Harm" said Beile once, as they be heard in the village, save now and then a distant sleigh bell, the dropping of some huge icicle, or the loud report of some nail as it sprung with the frost "Oh, mamma, but to stand up and lift in the rafters. As the signor sat there now with the broken volute of his violin in his left hand, and the other wound in his hair distractedly, one of these nails went off, as you might say, with more and the things she could do! We would of an explosion than usual upon the frosty silence of the afternoon, followed by a clear, resonant note that for a half "Very true," sighed her husband., 1'I moment seemed to fill the house with a would take \$1,500 to send Jessie to Italy. silvery vibration. They all heard it, and She would be too old to have it to do looked up bewildered; and suddenly her any good by the time I could get so Jessie, with a joyous ery, aprang to her feet and darted from the room. The garret door had been left open by some

It was an intensely cold and still

"It fell from the nail," she was saying, "It was that we heard. It wanted to come and comfort you, you see. Is "You needn't be afraid, Jessie," said it good for anything? Can you mend

body she found. In a moment she was

back, and had placed in the hands of

been succeeded by one of silent despera-

tion, the little black fiddle.

your own with it? It is so old!" "Why do you bring me this, my child?" he asked, sadly, but took it, and rin his eye over it. Something seemed to strike him as he did so. He bent his head quickly, lifted the violin to his ea: and tapped it and listened, ran his fingers down its lines, took out his handkerchief and dusted it minutely. His hands began to shake, he was holding teered. It was too good of him! They his breath; he was comparing the measuremants of the little black fiddle with certain figures in the memorandum book drawn from his pocket. He peered into its every dimension in a sort of mad "Well, I should be glad to, really. I'll haste. He took a magnifier, and then with a bit of chamois leather began "The harp that once through Tara's rubbing the end of the little black fiddle halls,' just as if you were on the plat. as if he were polishing a jewel. All at

"Aha! Behold it! Read it, my chil-And so Jessie sang it, and her voice dren, read! 'Soto la disciplima d' A. swelled out as if a young sibyl sang Stradi-varius, Cremona, I. H. S.' It is his, the Giuseppe del Jesu's, when the great Antoine was his master. That is his seal, 'I. H. S.' Oh, the regue! But he knew music! And Antoine Stradi- Times. looked at its side, its table, its onies, its lustrious varnish; has drawn the bow across it; has said it was good! Quick! brought the Signor Pazzani into the where are my strings? We will see; we will see. There is no bridge. That is all right. The bridge would not have answered. My stainer bridge is whole

unrolling and fastening of strings, an | mashed him!" endless tuning and hearkening and tuning again, and then the walls of the a miracle of snow and parsely trimmed room were vibrant about them, and Signor Pazzani was playing on the little black fiddle, and the sweet, powerful sonority, the sauve, silvery, intense tone. the mellow, but majestic strength, were ringing in their ears "like the humming of a swarm of angels' wings," said the signor, suddenly leaving off with his

bow in the air. "Ah, look at it! What grace in the curves! how severe the volute! how elastic and bounding the tone! and color! How purple, and rich, and full of lusyou will not think of keeping it; you can none of you play on it," he began Guiseppe del Jesu's. It is worth money -it is worth more; you shall have a thousand, you shall have fifteen hundred, you shall have two thousand dollars for

"Oh, hush, indeed," cried Jessie. "Of course you shall have it, sir. It is valueless to us: it is yours."

"Stay, stay a moment, Jessie," said her father.

"The little black fiddle is mine. That poor old vagabond, fallen from his high estate, gave it to me. It is a way bread has of coming back upon the waters after many days. If the signor wants to pay me a thousand dollars for it, we will compass the other five hundred by ourselves, and you shail go to Italy."

The next morning Signor Pazzani went off with the little black fiddle tucked under his arm, and Mr. Brooks went to the city with him to secure Jessie's passage in the next steamer that sailed for foreign shores. And the little fiddle had some share in it, after all .-Harper's Rasar.

# American Fiction.

It seems as if American readers must be tired by this time of the ordinary English society novel, procurable in any quantity at a cheap rate. It has to do with a form of social life more conventional than our own, with scenery less grand and attractive, with personalities.

Dr. MeAFFEE—A regular graduate of British and American institutes. So years a practicing physician. Treats all Diseases of the Eléneys, Liver, Lunga, Heart, Throat, Head and Nervous system. Errors of Youth and Abuses of Emissish System. Strong of Youth and Abuses of Emissish System. Strong of Youth and Abuses of Emissish System. Errors of Youth and Abuses of Handra and System. Errors of Youth and Abuses of Handra and System. Errors of Youth and Abuses of Handra and System. Errors of Youth and Abuses of Handra and System. Errors of Youth and Abuses of Handra and System. Errors of Youth and Abuses of Handra and System. Errors of Youth and Abuses of Handra and System. Errors of Youth and Abuses of Handra and System. Errors of Youth and Abuses of Handra and System. Errors of Youth and Abuses of Handra and System. Errors of Youth and Abuses of Handra and System. Errors of Youth and Abuses of Handra and System. Errors of Youth and Abuses of Handra and System. Errors of Youth and Abuses of Handra and System. Errors of Youth and Abuses of Handra and System. Errors of Youth and Abuses of Handra and Handra and Abuses of Handra and Abuses of Handra and Handra grand and attractive, with personalities more feebly individualized, and with events and incidents as much less interesting than those of American life as the conditions of English life are more artificial than ours. Men may talk as they choose, or as they believe, about age as being necessary to the creation of an atmosphere of romance. We do not agree with them. A child's age of romance is its own childhood. The life it lives, and the things it sees about it, form its romantic realm; and the childhood of a nation is peculiarly its romantic age, not only to the age which succeeds it, but to itseelf. There is nothing more interesting to an American than a good story, either of his own time or of the time which has hardly retired from his personal memory.- Dr. J. G. Holland;

On the 25th of October, a boat sunk

### Barnum's Early Days.

A friend who knew Mr. Barnum o old has accidentally discovered among some old papers of about 1831, and shown us, the following curious card:

"PHINEAS T. BARNUM, BOARDING BY THE DAY OR WEEK, 54 FRANKPORT STREET, NEW YORK."

This was probably in about the year 1830 or 1831, preceding Barnum's advent in the career of a showman, with "Old Joyce Heath." He had just been treated to sharp persecution here in his native State, for his liberality in matters of religious belief. Until about 1828 or 829, it was not competent for a Universalist to testify in a court of law here in Connecticut. The Times battled for a change in the law, and to good effect, too; and, in Fairfield county, Mr. Barnum, with his Herald of Freedom, did effective, if somewhat violent, service in the same direction, and for his attack on Judge Daggett and the court's decision, he was arrested and put in the Danbury Jail. He served out his sentence, and then went to New York, where, it seems, he set out as the keeper of a boarding house. A few years later he conceived the brilliant idea of launching out into the showman's business, career for which nature had more peculiarly and pre-eminently en lowed him than any other man, before or since. He got an old Maryland negress, took her to Boston, and had circulated and read in the Churches an appeal for aid for her to purchase her freedom-she having raised enough money, into about \$300, and was, moreover, the same old aunty who had nursed George Washington! The "sell" was perfect. The

ministers went to work to aid the contribution, a larger sum than was asked for was raised, and Barnum's career as a showman began. His old negro woman "drew" like a house on fire-not only in Boston, but all about the couptry; and the success of the scheme led later to the "woolly horse," and various other wonders, and finally to the best traveling show that this country has ever seen. Mr. Barnum is unquestionably a genius—if a peculiar one.—Hartford Times.

greater than any other sing e medicine has hith erto been even recommended for, by any other than the proprietors of some quack nostrum. These diseases are recofula and all Eruptive diseases and Tumors, Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgis, and Spinal complaints, and all Inflammatory symptoms, Uicers, all Syphilitic diseases, Kidney and Bladder diseases, Dropsy, the whole train of painful disorders which so generally afflict American women, and which carry annually thousands of them to premature graves: Dvs.

Romance of the back steps: A sweet spirituelle girl standing on the piazza with a dry mop upraised; a huge tom cat emerging stealthily from beneath the steps; sudden and terrible descent of the mop; a concussion; a last quavering owl; the tom cat straightening its ourvering limbs in the azonies of disso-He was silent in a long but hurried girl through the back door "Ma, I've

> An old man named Jacob Deering at Peoria, Ill., was found in his bed a few days ago, with his throat cut and his clothes saturated with blood. Inquiry showed that the old man had tried to commit suicide, but had not strength to accomplish it, and it was thought he could not recover.

#### Central Iowa District Fair-Articles Worthy of Mention.

EAGLE IRON WORKS .- This extensive manufactory of machinery located in Des Moines, Iowa, has now greater facilities than ever before for promptl ters it will come out when I shall re- of machinery, as well as iron fronts for store it!" he cried, gayly smiling on buildings, and all kinds of iron and them one and all. "It will be mine; brass castings are furnished on short notice. Among the specialties is the Champion Stalk Cutter, a machine which has never been excelled or equaled to implore. "It's a Guarnerius, the by any other. It is light of draft, sumple in its action, neat in construction and durable. The special attention of farmers is requested as to the merits of this machine. It is easily operated and does its work in fine style. Arrangements are being made for its sale by all first class dealers throughout the West. For particulars address, Eagle Iron

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NATICE Mass. Jon. 1 1977

Mr. H. R. Stevens—Dear Sir: We have good reason for regarding your Venerume a medicine of the greatest value. We feel assured that it has been the means of saving our son's life. He is now seventeen years of age; for the last two years he has suffered from necrosis of his leg. caused by scrofulous affection, and was so far reduced that nearly all who saw him thought his recovery impossible. A council of able physicians could give us but the faintest hope of his eyer rallying, two of the number declaring that he clans could give us but the faintest hope of his ever rallying, two of the number declaring that he was beyond the reach of human remedies, that even ampuration could not save him, as he had not vigor enough to endure the operation. Just then we commenced giving him Vegeties, and from that time to the present he has been continuously improving. He has lately resumed his studies, thrown away crutches and cane, and walks about cheerful and strong.

Though there is still some discharge from the opening where his limb was lanced, we have the fullest confidence that in a little time he will be perfectly cured.

Wheels.

erfectly cured. He has taken about three dozen bottles VEGETINE, but tately uses but little, as he declares that he is too well to be taking medicine.

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E. S. BEST.

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fuence of this medicine, and the number of de-fined diseases which it never fails to cure, are greater than any other sing e medicine has hith ly thousands of them to premature graves; Dyspepsia, that universal curse of American manhood; Heartburn, Piles, Constipation, Nervousness, inability to sleep and impure blood.

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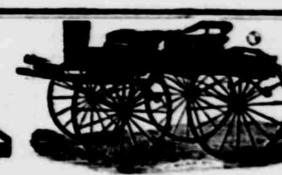
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